M 1845

Group IV

Friday May 22, 1970

PART ONE

MR. NYLAND: It's always--it's always good to have Friday at the end of the week of ordinary work days and at the beginning of Saturday and Sunday. It is kind of a--a pause to collect oneself; to look at what has happened during the week to see if you can given an account, as if during the week you have been writing a few things up on cards or in a book or ledger - credit cards, debit cards: what is right, what is wrong, what was not so good, what could have been better, what couldn't you do. All such things over the week you take account. You consider what you are. You try to be honest about it because it's important, otherwise how will you extract certain things from tomorrow or Sunday? Because that's a concentrated effort. We will make that tomorrow, weather permitting.

I would like very much tomorrow to make a concentrated effort in finishing up the little bit of addition back of my house. I would like to get that to a certain place that I can use it. Every once in a while, you know, one gets an idea that certain things ought to be done, and not later. You know, it is as if one is affected every once in a while by such influx of ideas which have to be translated almost immediately, if possible, day before yesterday. One cannot wait when one knows it should already have been done. Why didn't I do it before? What was in the way? What stupidity. Why didn't

I see it? But all of a sudden I see it and then it cannot wait, you know. The deadline has been pushed ahead a little bit, so it is not roses, roses. A few thorns must now be.

One has to concentrate. One has to learn at certain times to concentrate. At other times you have to learn not to concentrate. The contemplation of your week is not a concentrated effort. It is letting go by in review what has happened. Of course you cannot change it anymore, but the attitude you have towards it in your memory, it is a little easier to get free from concentration. Concentration is with your mind, of course, constantly having in your mind that certain things ought to be done and you force yourself to do it. You see what I said a little while ago, now we must do tomorrow something. It is ordinary life. That's the way we have been brought up. Because we want results, immediate results, if possible. Sometimes at all costs we want it. What it is that makes us want it and what it is in the brain that actually wants to concentrate on that kind of an aim. It is very difficult to have a life aim. You can have a day aim, but your life is a little bit too long, probably, to have an aim. But when one talks about universal aims, what are we talking about? Because what is this time length as represented by the universe? And what is there in store? And when? And can we wait? Because that is our trouble: we are impatient at times. I say it is right for the concentrated effort we make tomorrow. Then, in making it, we introduce what we have achieved and reached during the five ye--five days previous.

It is an entirely different attitude that one has when it comes to Work on oneself. In unconscious state, your mind predominates. And we always have been taught that that what we ought to do, we ought to do - even responsibility was attached to it, even a conscience, even ordinary rules of morality, also punishment. We had to do this, we had to do that, if possible as soon as possible, not allow too much time. Sometimes I say don't be lazy, keep on working, but that is only to give your mind something to do, whereas otherwise

it would just go haywire and daydream all over the place. So it's to get out of a terrible state, to go into a state which is a little better; but that state, very much more, is still a state of unconsciousness. And we have been taught and educated to want that. And that is why we have such trouble when all of a sudden one says it's a question of openness only. It's a question of expectation. It's a question not even of hurry, but it's a question of now being what one can be in order to receive because if you are closed in concentration, you are absolutely impossible. Not even God Himself would look at you because He will find the door closed because you're so busy with your own and the concentration has closed all the pores of your being. That is unconscious state. And one has to understand it, that that is actually so and that even at certain times when one feels a little freer, a little looser, a little bit more emotional even, a little more expansive, a little bit more as if the brain can contain something, one has states of openness in an unconscious condition. But the difficulty is immediately when then something enters, it is taken and it is then put in a certain place - memory - but associated with everything that was already in the brain.

And now we talk about five days of that kind of contemplation, particularly when you cannot change anything and that that what has happened has happened. You can see it. And you even may become a little more detached because that's one of the first principles that one has to learn, to become detached from what one experiences. When it is past, of course one is already detached by Mother Nature as time. But when one wishes to be detached at the moment when certain things happen, that is anti-nature and it is in relationship towards a new kind of conscience and a new kind of consciousness. That is why the openness of man is so difficult, because we simply say that when he is concentratedly fa--following the rules of his ordinary behavior, that then, regarding the possibility of being awake, of course he is asleep. But the sleeping state is so desirable because we feel at home. And we don't really want to change it unless something

else is there that becomes more desirable. And who can say that it is more desirable just for the wish--wishing of a state of being awake? Because one is forbidden to describe what will happen in this state of awakening because one talks about something one doesn't know anything about.

One does not know what heaven looks like. One does not know what higher forms of being are until they come and visit you. And then when they do, they have the form of a human being. And we have not learned to distinguish between the form and that what is essence. That is, of course, is the whole trouble. We have never been taught about an inner life and the necessity of developing it or at least to see it first, to do away with this concentration and to be normal. I mean by normal, not average. Normal is as a state of a man should be: relaxed physically, emotionally and intellectually. Not as yet written on. No desire even to write, no desire to formulate. Just to be and no further thought about one's existence and no hallucinations and not as yet any expectations.

When one lives in a moment of openness, one is uninhibited. This is really the problem for us, to become like a child. And of course we know, unless that happens, we will not enter the kingdom of heaven. It's very good symbolism, but how do I become a child? Because I'm grown up, I know, I've done certain things in life. I'm already growing up further. I grow, I say, up. Do I actually? The limitations of oneself, the measure there is. What is it really that a plant requires? It grows up from the soil. And it shows the direction where it wants to turn with the flower, like a sunflower, towards the Sun turning when the Sun goes through the sky, how when the Earth turns. But the root system is important. And it spreads in the same way as the leaves spread and the fruits are grown. And the root system also has the same kind of circumference where it reaches in the Earth for food and with which it is fed.

A man grows as he extends and wishes to grow. He is not interested in remaining bent. When a man feels that he can grow, he starts to stand up

straight. But he also must know that his feet are on the ground and stay there, and as it were, have to be very firm, rooted in the Earth. I've said some time ago, when one has hooves, naturally hooves of a foot and no artificial soul - English soles, Gurdjieff called it, boots to protect his delicate feet. What a man must know is how to touch the soil, to extract from it what is needed, really to take and take as much, and not to forget that he is in contact with it. But that is not man as a whole. Of course he isn't because he grows up and he stretches out his hands towards something else.

You see, on Saturday and Sunday we try to keep our feet on the ground because, primarily, we want to extract something from physical labor. For that reason, we concentrate in such attempts we make. And although the background is there of wishing to use it for the purpose of realizing what a man is, he keeps on with a pick and shovel and he pi--keeps on with an axe and he builds with stones, cement, lumber - whatever it may be - hammer, nail, saw, to build a structure so that he can see that what he is building. And for a long time it is not necessary that you happen to think about Work on yourself. That you wait until the daily life starts its grind and then Monday and following weekdays, they are for that purpose of Work. Saturday and Sunday, for us, are very close together as almost one holiday. But it is that day in which one starts to contemplate on what has been--the week given one: substance from the soil which then, by means of physical work and the digesting of that what has been given in the form of health, will enable a man on Saturday and Sunday to stretch out his arms and to hold his head up, to wish for something that he does not get by just ordinary work. And still, his ordinary work has to join that particular attempt, that in the midst of such activity he can be quiet and find out what is the truth beyond all phenomena.

It's a strange evening, the Friday. One is really trying to ride two horses. And the compensation is simply that we talk and also play a little, and that in the playing, sometimes it's not necessary to put a word in the place

of a sound.

The culmination for oneself as a unit, the ability to live with the two hands joined, with the two eyes focused, with hearing with two ears the same sound, but having one mind not divided and gradually, because of attempts to wake up, make one mind objective, changing the unconscious state into a conscious one and really have consciousness and of course conscience from one's solar plexus to one's heart - the road to travel during the week days, where one can put feelings.

Into what can one put emotions? What can one use for a form? What is there as life to be put into it? So in that way maybe, tomorrow, have a good weekend.

PART TWO

MR. NYLAND: If you happen to think about the future, how long do you think it will take before we have a nucleus which is dependable? You see, we're getting quite a large number of people and it will not let up because the summer is just beginning. There will be people from other cities. There will be an influx, you might call it, new material. There will constantly be curiosity and some interest. And some of those people will not be satisfied by just coming to a meeting or reading. But they will want to do something.

What is this really in a man that he wants to do something? It's interesting to look at it that way, because does a man actually want to do something because he is able, because he is not a plant? Does he want to be a man? The responsibility of being a three-centered human being - is it sometimes that one wishes not to be that and not to have the responsibility for being that? Not that you can help it. Many times of course you wish to behave like an animal and sometimes, on rare occasions, you really want to be a plant. It is when you get

a little older you will want to sit a little more. You want to contemplate or you want to think about all kind of excuses why you don't want to be active, why there are certain things that really ought to be done first before you can get up. But of course the tendency that you--unless you have created the habit for yourself that you get up early, but many times of course you don't unless there is a very definite reason which may be implanted in you. But one says, even implanted, that is, it is then inherent and has become part of your character. And it is sometimes much easier to be an animal and not to think too much, or a plant and not to think at all, and to just be and be at that level and no more, no walking around, just be - you can't help it, that-- and let the wind some and let the rain come. After all you can't get out of the way. You do the best you can.

What is it in man that makes him move? Food or shelter? Taking care of his life? Getting out of danger, protecting himself, building something, associating with others who also want to walk or do certain things? But what is it really that motivates a man that he wants to continue to be alive and build for himself certain things for protection or for use, or using his hand for dexterity, or busily engaged, simply we call it now, earning money a little bit. But that is really not so important, because even if you have enough and not enough, that has no effect on you really because you remain a person with an ambition of some kind and you want to do something with you and whatever you have. The responsibility is still the acceptance of yourself as you are.

And what is it really that wants--that this man, this kind of a man, wants to do? When he gets a little older he still thinks that he ought to do something perhaps not satisfied. We talk then about inner life, about the possibility of further growth, uncovering it. Have we ever seen it? You know it exists. What are we talking about when one says Work on yourself? What is it that we mean by Kesdjan and say yes, Kesdjan, it's only half an octave and there is still SOL-LA-SI to go through, and I want to develop it. Do you know? We

talk about Soul, of course. Do we know what is meant? Do we know this kind of an inner life, spiritual life, ethereal life, that kind of a life that is not as material? What do we really know? I say when one feels, how much do we feel? How much is the body feeling or sensing and expressing that sensation in the feeling? How much do we talk without rhyme or reason, with a little reason, with very little rhyme, with no necessity even to think and just continue and be behaved as a crowd, affected by everyone else and imitating, and hardly being able to stand on one's own feet? And here we are, preposterously interested in Work, as if life is already on Earth so completely understood that we have to give it up, that we are not satisfied, that we look for a greener pasture.

We don't really know life as yet on Earth in an unconscious state, and still we start prattling about life hereafter, preparing for one's death, building bodies, higher being bodies, praying to God, and not even knowing how to pray to oneself. And all the time, in this kind of a life, including life at the Barn, we continue to live, for the greatest part, our ordinary existence with very little bit - just a sprinkling every once in a while of an idea or a wish. But our talk about it is still a little infantile. And it's right, it should be like that because who would know? And only perhaps after many years of application and gradually finding out what is what in reality, that you can agree with ALL AND EVERYTHING and what Gurdjieff tells about man in general and which we then believe perhaps we are that - and really not believe because we have no experience.

But still we keep on going, day after day and week after week we keep on going with meetings, with talk, with trying to answer questions ourselves, with trying to read every once in a while. Yes, I ought to Work. Then I make an attempt to the best of my ability. I really make an attempt to see that I have an experience. I say, "that is awake," or "that is my 'I', it is separate from me." And I, really I can use it for a long time because I have to look back on that experience and say, "but it was possible for me. There was something in it.

Gurdjieff, after all, is not such a fool. And he knows about me. How did he know that I am that way?"

You see, when one is talking to oneself and not for the gallery and not for a kind of an audience, to entertain them, and not to wish to tell others, even what they are worth or to tell them what you are. But when you are all alone by yourself, and you sit and you think and you try to feel and you try to deepen your feeling and you really try to come to the truth within yourself, and you see your days go by, one after another without--so much that--that has been done a little bit lazy, maybe postponing, procrastinating. Why really? Because if someone else is then looking and he wishes you to grow up within reason, it requires so much patience. And why such patience is necessary? Why does it take such a long time? Why don't we really already in the very beginning understand it quite? And then all that is necessary - to be reminded every once in a while and not to forget about such an aim. But of course we don't think about it and we don't think about growth. All we can do is to find out by experience of an application of a certain method, a certain way of trying to become aware of oneself. That then with this, there is the path gradually unfolding.

But you know, even if one talks, even if one sits and listens, even if something is said that you say, yes it is right, I know that in my case. I agree with you, you're quite right, that is me really, I know that. And five minutes after you get up, you look, your eye catch--catch-- your eyes catch someone. You have a thought in your mind, you stumble over something. Where is all that inner life? How long does it last after a meeting, particularly when you say the meeting was right, there was something actually that was said that I could use. And then I leave it. And I have nothing really to guard myself, to prevent myself losing it, that I claim is precious. But I, in my good moments, really believe it, and at such a time I could even have tears in my eyes, confessing that that is really me, poor me, and I must Work and I will Work, by God, I will

Work. I make a promise. And it--how long, how long? That is why the patience is needed. One thinks about it afterwards. The next day one is reminded. A few things stand out here and there. You do recall a few things, but perhaps not as vividly anymore, unless you already have taken part of it while it was being said and became then part of you, with you, one of you at that moment. It is possible, of course, and it should be like that.

That is why one has to be open, because if the openness is not there, no words, no thoughts, no concepts, nothing of that kind will ever penetrate or even stick to you when you have your own little world, your own little prejudices, your own little ways of explaining things for yourself, your own little way of how you have been educated and whatever life has given you as experience. One is not open because immediately when something of an unusual nature comes in your way you just are a little afraid of it. It may mean something, but you don't really know. And to be open, to let it enter as if you listen to the radio, it penetrates and also it affects you. Really it affects you when you hear about Viet Nam or about racial difficulties or war in general, or all the different things. Even accidents will affect you - when they are close to home, of course they will. But in a general way you're open. You carry it with you also because you talk about it.

Why is it so difficult to understand an ideal, what a man ought to be? Because--maybe because there is so many--are so many descriptions of what is an ideal of a man for a man; what is there that he should grow up to or into - into what; what would he have to become as a man; what is a man. And our conceits, of course, thinking we are already a man. And then it goes in one ear and out through the other. You read it with one eye and through the other eye it leaves you again. That is why it's so difficult. That is why one has suffered a little when one has rebelled about being considered a plant or an animal, that one says, but I am a man. Why don't I grow up? Then there is hope of that kind because then you can be, at least at times, open.

You see, Gurdjieff was a strange man. He wanted to say certain things in his life the way he lived it. And the way he had first thought, at Fontainebleau School - esoteric knowledge, repetition, a little bit; or Moscow and Petrograd, when he was there. Then the revolution. Then a long trip, Caucasus, finally Constantinople - a little performance, a group of people but not enough, like refugees through Europe, trying this and there, Hellerau, Berlin. No - London, no - Paris. Fontainebleau - there - two and a half years practically, three years. No, probably three and a half altogether, if you figure it out. And then boom, an accident. Why in God's name?

You see, one cannot really understand these things. Why should they happen like that? Why should we, if we are honest and sincere, be deprived of the possibility, even you--one can say, of being deprived of having seen him or having met him? I'm a little luckier than you are. The ideas, they are there. Thank God it's in a book somehow. What would we do without ALL AND EVERYTHING? Just what we have heard and then repeated and written down as notes? Every once in a while I look at my notes, and I'm amazed how little there is really, and how much I was interested in listening, and not being able at the same time to formulate. And not even afterwards taking the time to write it up. Although I did that for about six months I remember - faithfully, every day writing up what I had heard. I still have it. I come across these things once in a while because I'm the kind of a person who doesn't throw anything away. And it is nice then to see at that time when I was as old as you are - maybe I was a little older.

I remember my interest. I remember how it affected me. I remember the grandeur as described in the first chapter of Beelzebub: the universe; ships - Occasion, Karnak; sitting at the top level of the ship; Etherokrilno; like a brain and talking and talking about--about the Earth. I remember how terribly happy, how affected, how it started in me something unusual. And I did know

a little bit already about certain things because I had read. But then things fell into place. And all the different directions of science and philosophy and whatever art meant, and religions, all the different psychological explanations, all that what belonged to man as a whole, what he in his thoughts or in his feelings represented, took on a different kind of relationship between each other. And then there was a totality, an entity which became then the symbolism of that book. And one reads it and reads it.

What will I tell you? To keep on reading it more and more? To find out really what you have perhaps never read, but thinking you have? Or perhaps reading it without taking it in. But you're so busy with your ordinary life you cannot afford even to take off ten, fifteen minutes because you think that it is so necessary to attend to your ordinary life in order to make one or two dollars. And you really could live a little bit better and a little bit more intelligently, without the emphasis so much on that kind of a thing for you. If your inner life cried for it, if there was actually something that you said it is necessary for me because some day of course I will have to face the question of death - even if I'm young, but exactly because I'm young, I'm full of energy, wanting to find out. I'm in search. I want miracles to happen to me. I want questions to be answered. I don't want to be thrown left and right like the wind takes me up and puts me down somewhere else. That he can do with any kind of another thing, but not with me. I swear it. God, I don't want that of myself.

You see, such things you must have in your mind, in your heart, that it is alive in you and that you feel there is a possibility, a chance, wishing to do something, simple, gradually, little by little, if you can, continuously, or at times, but at times intense to wish to wake up. No intensity of the concentration of Work. The openness in Work - to be open to that what can come, to relax if you can, physically and emotionally, intellectually - just the opposite from an unconscious state - wishing that that what could come will

enter at your prayer. That's your relation towards God, towards any form of higher being.

But you know, aliveness - I say it so often - to be alert to the condition of your inner life, not so much to the ordinary conditions, they will take care of themselves. You get up in the morning, you attend to it, you make some pots or some jewelry or some andals or some things that interest you. You run a bakery and you run a store and you do this and that at an office - all of that is taken care of. And you eat and someone prepares it, and you help a little bit. And you have responsibility; and you have a child and you take care of it; and there is a little nursery; and so and such and such a person; and then you drive around.

What is it that drives around? What is it in you that really wants to know? What is it that sees with your eyes? What is it that can perceive with your real 'I'? What is it that you would call conception? To have something born in you. To have notions, you might even say preconceived, extrasensory sensitivity, that one sees and feels, one hears and pays attention. that one is alive and asks why, that one walks on a road towards an aim of this life and one asks why. One meets a person and there is that kind of a relationship and you ask again: what for? For the good of what? For me, for them, for all. What is my life? I spend it, I know. Do I spend it right? In what way do I use whatever there is as responsbility placed on me? Do I use it?

Do I wish to grow up? This is really the question. Do I want it? Then, in all simplicity, begin and continue after you have begun. And try to be as honest as you can when you talk about your Work. But your Work, you know, it is not descriptions of ordinary life. It is something that is introduced as a little different, as an attitude of Objectivity, we say simply, of that what you really should know, but you don't; that what you really should feel, but you don't feel it. But sometimes you do experience an unusual something that links up with a question. And about that, keep on questioning yourself. Keep

on asking: what is all this for, this Earth, humanity suffering? All such - sometimes I call it nonsense - sometimes it is so terrible. Why? And I suffer of course because of ignorance, not knowing. And I know the key if I believe in the key. Why then don't I use it? What prevents me really?

I hope you can Work tomorrow. I hope that God will bless you in your attempts; that the time will not be so far off that there will be several who really, because of that unity among them and the unity within themselves, the solidarity of their conscience and the solidarity of their consciousness as a group, that all of that can be born by means of the activities, understanding - I would say not once and for all - the meaning of Chardavogne Barn activity. The accent is on acting, activity: to act, to do. Not to sit and think, not to sit and feel, but to sit and get up and then do to the best of your knowledge, with your conscience and with whatever consciousness you have now and I hope you can acquire.

A good weekend.

To Gurdjieff.

END TAPE

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